The World.

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"PRIVATE INTOXICATION."

SHOULD men "slightly intoxicated in the evening" be allowed to go home or be taken to the station house?

This is a question which the State Prison Commission decides in favor of the home and against the station house. The Commission says "no public policy requires that they should be arrested. Some policemen do not hesitate to stretch their jurisdiction and make arrests for private intoxication."

One policeman "stretched his jurisdiction" so far as to go in a private house and arrest the woman who was in bed intoxicated. He compelled her to put on her clothes and go to the station house.

The number of arrests last year for intoxication in its various forms was 39,750. This accounts for a large proportion of the arrests in New York City, where an arrest for intoxication counts one the same as an arrest for murder, for burglary or arson. Although, according to the State Prison Commission, there are 800 homicides a year in New York City, with only seven per cent. convictions, and many of those on pleas minor to the first degree, the police make a big showing by arresting intoxicated men.

Also for such other serious offenses as burglary, arson and grand larceny the percentage of convictions is very low.

It is easy to make a high percentage record by arresting men for being drunk and disorderly. Some men show it when they have three or four drinks. Many men burst out in song while they are still able to walk. They may not walk straight, but would get home in time if the policeman would leave them alone.

As a matter of law private intoxication is not an offense. Any one has the legal right to drink any quantity of alcoholic liquor. Not the drinking but the making of such disturbance as to interfere with the public peace is the minor offense for which tens of thousands of arrests are annually made.

It would be better if the police promptly arrested every man who committed murder or burglary or arson or grand larceny, and if those arrests were followed by the same percentage of convictions as in police court drunk and disorderly cases. The community at large would not complain if the bigger offenses were punished and the ordinary jag left to go home either in joy or tears, according to his temperament.

Letters From the People

A "Shabby" Sidewalk.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I beg to call attention to the shabby appearance of the sidewalk surrounding the Bushwick Branch of the Brooklyn Public Library. It seems to me in a worse condition than some of the sidewalks of the oldest ramshackle tenements. Of course, it is possible that this matter is in very competent hands, and will be attended to soon. But it certainly looks out of place, the library having been open and apparently completed a few months ago, and being opposite a large new public school. The comparison does not reflect much to the credit of the library's appearance.

A. G.

A Is Right.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A says John D. Rockefeller, the elder, has a wife living. B says he has not. Which is right? A. D. R.

Saturday.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

On what day of the week did Aug. 4, 1894, fall? That was my birthday.

C. C. K.

A Brooklyn Girl's Grievance.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

One evening last week I asked several boys and girls to a social gathering at my home. The evening passed off very pleasantly until several gentlemen (?) arrived who were chums. These boys immediately took possession of all the armchairs and lounged in them all the rest of the evening. They wouldn't join the others in dancing or in games. They were all in one corner of the room and only amused themselves by laughing at the dancing of the others or in making comments upon the furnishings of the room. Needless to say, every one else was very uncomfortable. Readers, kindly tell me are these the actions of all young gentlemen who mix with good society? These boys are refined, come of good families, and when visiting separately are perfect gentlemen. I am only a schoolgirl and have never entertained before. Am I to expect this treatment at every social I give or am I to excuse it as Brooklyn high school bashfulness? H. L.

London.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Which is the largest city in area and population in the world, London or New York? J. M. G.

What Percentage?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I buy some goods for $8, then sell them for $10; it is obvious that I gain $2. Now, do I gain 25 per cent. or 20 per cent., readers? I have been taught (and it seems more logical to me) to figure the gain on the cost. Where I work they tell me to figure the gain on the selling price, and further claim that that is the method of every business house. I'm from Missouri, and you will have to show me. Will readers please discuss? R. R.

Here's the Name at Last.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I read about the girls who want the Legislature to establish some name to distinguish bachelors from married men. Why not call bachelors "miss-her" ("Mhr.")—because they do? I. M. H.

A West Point Query.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Can a man go through West Point Military Academy without funds? If not, what is the amount of money one is required to pay every month, on entering West Point? G. M.

The Government pays all cadets a salary during the West Point course. See World Almanac for full details.

His Days of Rest.

By Maurice Ketten.

Extra! Poor Mrs. Jarr Is Going to Leave Her Husband! Really, She Is. At Least,—There! She's Forgiven Him!

By Roy L. McCardell.


ROY L. McCARDELL

"I AM not angry!" began Mrs. Jarr, and when a woman says she isn't angry you may know that she is.

"But, my dear," said Mr. Jarr, "I haven't been out so very long, and this is the first time in weeks that I have been out or that I have stayed a little late."

"That's just it!" said Mrs. Jarr, with a sob, "I thought, I really thought, you had reformed. I thought you were getting more sense as you grew older!"

"Ah, come now," said Mr. Jarr pleasantly, "if I never do anything worse than stop at Gus's place on the corner and play pinochle from 9 till 11 you need never worry. If it's a sin to play an innocent game of pinochle or bowl a few hours with your friends where will they find room enough to stow away the 'damned?'"

"Now you stop that!" said Mrs. Jarr sharply. "I don't like to hear you swear. If you have no respect for me you might have for your children, for if they were to wake up they'd hear you!"

"But I wasn't swearing," said Mr. Jarr, "I was only saying that if men were punished in the Hereafter for such little things there wouldn't be any place big enough to hold them."

"I want you to stop making those remarks about religion, too!" said Mrs. Jarr. "You'll be sorry for being such an infidel when it's too late. When my mother is here that's the way you talk just to hurt her and try to weaken her faith in the comfort of her belief. You seem to take a delight in grieving her by saying you don't believe in Hades."

"I take it all back," said Mr. Jarr, "there is a Hades. It's right where your mother happens to be."

"If I had listened to my mother I wouldn't be heartbroken this night," said Mrs. Jarr. "But I have stood this thing for the last time. If you are more fond of the saloon than you are of your home, you go live in a saloon and I'll take the children and support them."

"Don't be foolish," said Mr. Jarr, "how could you support them?"

"I could! I could! Well, I don't care what I would do," said Mrs. Jarr, "but I could get a position in a store. Women are not dependent on men like they used to be. In fact, I was talking with a woman, and a very fine and cultivated woman she was, too, who clerks in a candy store, and she told me that she had, to leave her husband because he drank and didn't support her."

"But I support you," interposed Mr. Jarr, "and I don't drink. That is," he corrected, "not to speak of."

"Oh, you drink plenty to speak of. I could speak of it. My mother speaks of it. My Aunt Prue from Philadelphia spoke of it. I feel sure the neighbors are speaking of it. And I won't stand it any more, your staying out night after night! As I said, I'm not angry, but I've made up my mind that if you do not do better we must part. Oh, I'm calm!" And to show how calm she was Mrs. Jarr checked a tear with her handkerchief and then blew her nose.

"Oh, don't be cross!" said Mr. Jarr. "Be sensible!"

"You be sensible, yourself," replied Mrs. Jarr, "and show you are sensible by acting sensible. Oh, I could get along, and besides the black dress and white apron that saleslady wore in the candy store was very becoming to her. And, even if it didn't pay so much, I could bring the children home candy every night to our little room, and if it was fixed up with chintz curtains it would look very pretty."

"The candy?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"No, the humble room where I would take the children to, for I wouldn't go home. It would please my mother too much."

"You'd break up our happy home for a job in a candy store you haven't obtained as yet?" asked Mr. Jarr, smiling to himself.

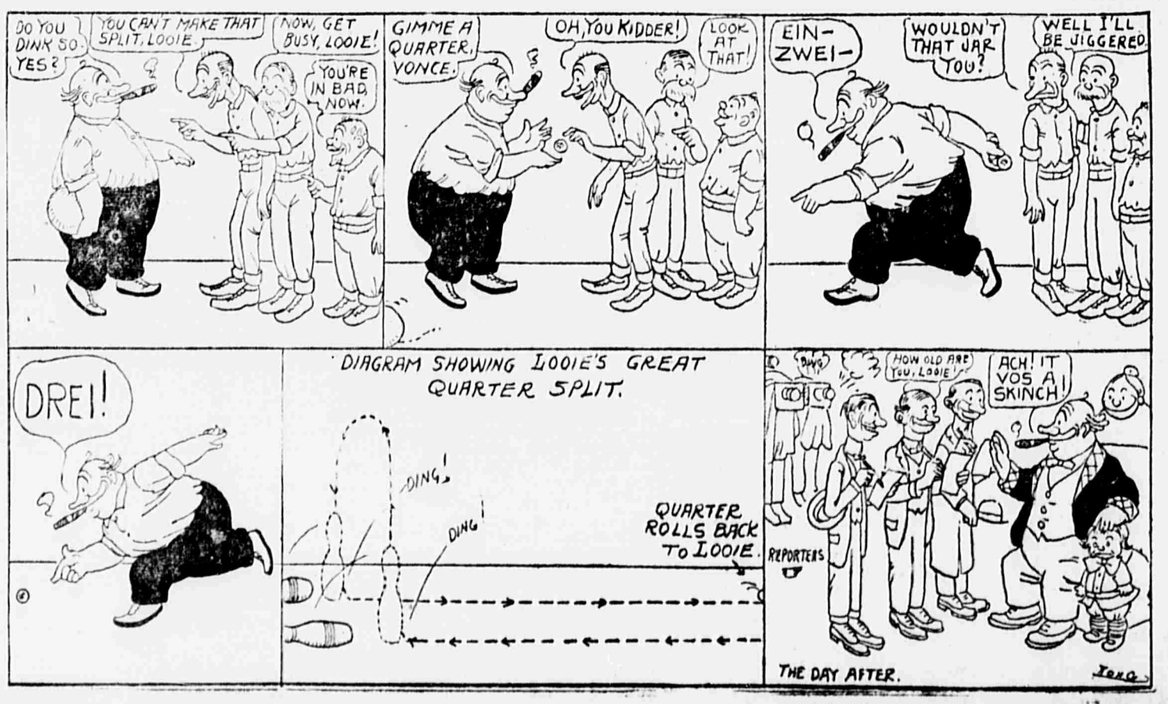
"Well, I could be a nurse," said Mrs. Jarr; "that pays better. Nurses get at least twenty dollars a week, and they always look so neat and comforting in their neat uniforms. That white and blue stripe uniform dress the nurses at St. Luke's wear is very fetching, and the caps make them look real pretty."

Here Mrs. Jarr took her handkerchief and fixed it on her hair as if it were a nurse's cap and looked at herself in the mirror. The picture was a pleasing one. She smiled at her reflection and said: "Yes, that's what I'm going to do if you do not behave better; I'll be a nurse."

"I'm just in time, then," said Mr. Jarr; "I've got a terrible headache."

"Wait till I get you one of those headache wafers," said Mrs. Jarr, going to the bureau. "Or will you try my menthol? Was Mr. Rangle there tonight? Mrs. Rangle makes such a fuss if he's out, when really the man is not a bad sort."

Looie, the Bowler — Watch Him Roll! He's a Wonder! — By Ferd G. Long



Fifty Historical Mysteries

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 2—KASPAR HAUSER, the Boy Who Mystified All Europe.

A GAPING crowd gathered around the gates of the German city Nuremberg early on the morning of May 26, 1828. They were watching a strangely dressed youth of about eighteen years, who leaned helplessly against a wall, his hands pressed to his eyes to keep out the light.

Police officers questioned him. The boy could not speak. He was told to move on. At the first step he tottered and fell. He did not know how to walk. He was taken to prison as a vagrant. There closer examination showed that though in age he was apparently eighteen, he was in every other respect an infant. The soles of his feet were rounded like those of a baby, showing that he had never walked. His hands were little better developed. He had not been taught to speak. His eyes could not bear the light of day.

Beef and beer were set before him. At sight of them he went into convulsions. But when he was offered bread and water he ate and drank greedily. Some one showed him a collection of toys. He cried out with fear at their strange shape, till he chanced to see among them a wooden horse. This he seized with joy, kissing it and clasping it in his arms.

A Full Grown "Infant."

Pen and paper were on a table at which he was seated. To every one's surprise he wrote in a crude but legible hand the name "KASPAR HAUSER." He could write nothing else, nor even speak the name he had written. Yet he had the bearing and appearance of a German aristocrat. A local scientist, Dr. Daumer, became interested in Kaspar and adopted him. The boy quickly learned to talk, read and write. He had evidently been brought up in silence as well as in ignorance, for every sound excited him. The ringing of a bell made him weep. Hearing the music of a passing military band for the first time, he fainted. Little by little, too, he remembered bits of his past.

He told of being brought up in a dim-lit cell, where bread and water were his only food, and a wooden horse his one plaything. He had been fed, washed and dressed by a man whose face he had never been allowed to see. This man, it seemed, had never talked to him, but had taught him to write the name, "Kaspar Hauser." It had taken Kaspar a year to learn to write it. Then the man had blindfolded him, carried him a long distance, removed the bandage from his eyes and left him leaning against the city wall of Nuremberg.

This story attracted great interest and many people flocked to Daumer's house to see the strange youth. On Oct. 17, 1828, having been left alone in a room for a few minutes, Kaspar shrieked for help. Daumer, rushing into the room, found him lying on the floor bleeding from a wound in the forehead. The boy said that a man whose face was blackened had secretly entered the room, stabbed him and escaped. No trace of the would-be assassin was ever found.

This attempted murder revived public curiosity about Kaspar. His wound healed and he was removed to the nearest magistrate's house, where two policemen were detailed to guard him. In spite of this a pistol shot one night awakened the household, and Kaspar was again found lying wounded on the floor. He could give no clear account of the shooting.

By this time it was evident to Daumer that some great mystery surrounded the lad. Powerful persons had undoubtedly been responsible for his long imprisonment, and those same persons were now anxious, for some reason, to have him killed. What the motive might be for so remarkable a conspiracy none could imagine.

Lord Stanhope, a rich Englishman, became interested in Kaspar and had him sent to Anspach to be educated, planning to take him later to England. Stanhope thought if the youth were removed from Nuremberg the attempts at assassination would cease. For more than two years Kaspar studied in Anspach, under the famous Prof. Fuhrmann. Then came the time arranged for the departure of Stanhope and himself for England.

On the eve of their journey, Dec. 14, 1833, Kaspar went for a last stroll in the palace grounds of Anspach. Soon afterward he staggered into Stanhope's house, mortally wounded by a knife-thrust in the side. He gasped the words: "Palace—Uzen—monument—purse!" and died.

Stanhope went to the palace gardens to investigate. There, on the base of the Uzen Monument, lay a violet-silk purse. Inside the purse was a slip of paper with the following hastily scrawled words:

A Murder and a Message.

"Kaspar Hauser, born April 30, 1812. Murdered Dec. 14, 1833. Know by this that I come from the Bavarian frontier, on the river. These are the initials of my name: M. L. O."

That was all. Stanhope offered a 5,000-florin reward for the murderer's arrest. The police of all Europe sought to win the money and to gain fame by clearing up so notable a mystery. But nothing was ever discovered that could throw light on the case. It was rumored that some one high in royal authority must be shielding the assassin. But this was never proven.

The unhappy boy's odd life and death were evidently but the visible signs of some black mystery whose keeping was considered worth twenty-two years of close vigil and three attempts at murder.

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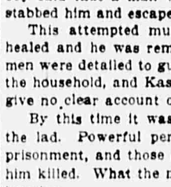
COUNT TOLSTOY

My "Cycle of Readings,"

By Count Tolstoy.

Translated by Herman Bernstein.

The italicized paragraphs are Count Tolstoy's original comments on the subject.

The Form of Truth.

FEB. 24.

PEOPLE in most cases do not acknowledge the truth because they are offended by the form in which the truth is presented to them.

A QUARREL, once engendered, is like a stream which breaks through a dam—as soon as it breaks through it can no longer be stemmed.—The Talmud.

AS soon as we begin to feel angry in argument we are no longer arguing for the sake of the truth, but for ourselves.—Carlyle.

I CAN never convince another man in any way except by his own thoughts. Consequently I must suppose that he has a good and accurate judgment; otherwise it would be useless to hope that I could win him over to my side by my arguments. Even so, I cannot act upon the moral feeling of another man in any way except through his own feelings. Consequently I must suppose that he possesses a certain kindness of heart; otherwise he would never feel an aversion for vice and an impulse toward virtue by reason of my description of vice and my praise of virtue.—Kant.

NOTHING helps the triumph of reason so much as the calmness of those who serve it. The truth often suffers more from the zeal of its defenders than from the attacks of its opponents.—Payne.

EVEN if the speaker be a fool, listener, be wise. A mild answer turns away wrath; offensive words rouse it.

IF a man deserves praise try not to withhold it from him. Else you risk not only to turn him aside from the proper path by depriving him of the support and approval which he needs, but you are also losing the greatest of privileges—that of rewarding a man according to his deserts.—Ruskin.

IF you possess the truth, or even if you think you possess it, express it in the simplest of forms, but, above all, do not assail the opinions of others.

The Day's Good Stories

A Stiff One.

IT WAS raining outside, and little interrogative Irma was in one of her worst, or at least most trying, moods. Father, busily writing at his desk, had already reproved her several times for bothering him with useless questions.

"I say, pa, what"—

"Ask your mother!"

"Honest, pa, this isn't a silly one this time."

"All right, this once. What is it?"

"Well, if the end of the world was to come, and the earth was destroyed while a man was up in an airship, where would he land when he came down?"—Everybody's Magazine.

A Pretty Kettle of Fish.

WHEN the patient called on his doctor he found the good man in a state of great apprehension.

"I've got all the symptoms of the disease you have," said the doctor. "I'm sure I have caught it from you."

"What are you so scared about?" asked the patient.

"Why, man," replied the doctor, "I don't think I can cure it."—Harper's Weekly.